

This is Our Song by vikingtealight

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Summary:

Lucas and Mike argue over whether "Every Breath You Take" is Lucas and Max's song or Mike and Eleven's song (spoiler alert: it can be both).

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Author's Note:

This is actually set between parts one and two of The Window Series because I have never planned anything well in my life.

Lucas and Max's apartment. Hawkins, Indiana. December 1993.

Lucas looked up from the spreadsheet he was reading and rubbed his eyes. He looked over at his best man who was on the phone at the moment and asked, "Did you hear back from the florist yet, Dustin?"

"Negative," Dustin replied, covering the speaker of the phone with his hand. "I've left two messages already"—he held up two fingers to emphasize this point—"if they don't call me back by 10 a.m. tomorrow I'll drop by on my lunch break."

Lucas nodded.

"Did you pick out the cake yet, Lucas?" Will asked as he folded invitations.

"Shit, no," Lucas groaned.

"How can you not have a cake yet?" asked Mike. "What have you been doing?"

“What have I been doing?” Lucas asked, outraged. “Setting a date, booking a venue, making a guest list, choosing a color scheme, picking a caterer, finding a photographer—“

“Okay, okay,” said Dustin, no off of the phone. Dustin threw his arms in between them like he was breaking up a physical fight. “We’ll get to the cake soon, but first, that was the DJ. He confirmed the date and wants to know if you have an specific song requests, including if you’ve thought of the song for your first dance yet.”

“Oh, yeah, of course,” said Lucas. “For our first dance, we’re dancing to ‘Every Breath You Take’ by The Police.”

“What?” Mike snapped.

“What do you mean what?”

“You can’t dance to that song!”

“Uh, why not?” Lucas asked, annoyed.

“It’s mine and Eleven’s song!”

“What are you talking about?” Lucas asked, incredulous. “It’s mine and Max’s song. It has been since the Snow Ball in ‘84.”

“Well it’s been mine and El’s song since then too!” protested Mike.
“It’s the first song we ever danced to!”

“Well, Max and I had our first kiss during that song! And first kiss beats first dance!”

“Guys, come on,” said Will, but Mike and Lucas continued to argue.

“Yeah, haven’t you guys realized that song’s actually from the point of view of a stalker and it’s pretty creepy?” asked Dustin.

“It’s not creepy!” Mike protested.

“Well, Max’s nickname for me is stalker, so it fits us perfectly!” said Lucas.

Dustin rolled his eyes and allowed Mike and Lucas to go back to arguing with each other.

A few moments later, the front door of the apartment opened and Max walked in followed by Eleven.

“Are you guys fighting about more dumb wedding stuff?” Max asked.

“Yes!” said Mike at the same time Lucas said, “It’s not stupid!”

Max walked over to Lucas, made like she was going to give him a kiss on the cheek and then blew a raspberry on his face instead. Lucas’s mood instantly improved.

“We’re talking about the song for our first dance,” Lucas said as he rolled his eyes in disgust at Mike and Eleven kissing hello.

“Oh that’s not stupid,” said Max, taking a seat in Lucas’s lap. “And there’s no need for an argument. We’re dancing to ‘Every Breath You Take.’”

Lucas threw his arms up, “Thank you! This guy”—he gestured to Mike—“says we can’t dance to it because it’s his and Eleven’s song.”

“It is!” Mike argued. “It has been since El and I danced to it at the Snow Ball!”

“I already told you!” said Lucas, raising his voice a bit. “Max and I kissed for the first time during that song!”

Mike and Lucas stared at each other for a few seconds before Mike whipped his head towards his wife at the same time Lucas turned to his fiancée.

“Tell him!” they yelled to their respective significant others.

Max and El shared a look.

After a beat, El gently said, “Mike...”

“Yes!” said Lucas, throwing his fist in the air.

“What?” screeched Mike. “El, it’s our song!”

“Mike... they had their first kiss to that song.”

Lucas and Max smiled smugly at Mike.

“Well, that settles the first dance debate...” said Dustin. “Let’s move on to something less controversial... is anyone going to have a fit over the color of the table linens?”

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“You don’t really think ‘Every Breath You Take’ is their song, do you?” asked Mike as soon as the door to Lucas and Max’s apartment swung closed behind them.

They turned right and started walking towards their car which was

parked around the corner.

“I do,” said El. “But it’s also ours. We can share.”

Mike breathed out and watched the swirl of warm air rise up and disappear. After a moment, he said, “But if they dance to it, everyone’s going to think it’s their song.”

“So?” asked El.

“Well... well...,” Mike struggled to put into words why it matter. “It’s ours though. When I hear that song, I think about how it felt when you walked into the gym that night and it reminds me of how lucky I am to have you.”

“Lucas and Max dancing to that song won’t change that,” said El. “You should’ve heard Max complaining about wedding planning today. They don’t need us giving them a hard time about the song they dance to on top of everything else.”

Mike thought about how stressed out Lucas had been lately. “Yeah, you’re right.”

“If you wanted it to be our song you should have said you wanted a real wedding when we decided to elope,” El teased.

“I couldn’t wait any longer to marry you, though,” said Mike,

grabbing her hand and pulling her into his arms so he could gently bop his nose against hers.

Eleven smiled and wrapped her arms around his neck, resting her forehead against Mike's, just like when they danced at the Snow Ball. Mike didn't care about how it hurt his neck to lean down that far these days. El didn't care that she was freezing on this especially cold December night. They stayed like that, in the middle of the sidewalk, for only a few moments, but both of them thought they could've stayed like that forever.

"You don't regret eloping, then?" Eleven asked, pulling her head back so she could look at Mike's face.

"Of course not," said Mike. "But sometimes I do wish I had gotten to stand in front of everyone and tell them how much I love you."

"You already did that, remember my birthday? You gave a 20 minute speech about how much you love my hair."

"I was drunk, okay?"

"Yeah, too bad everyone else wasn't as drunk as you," El teased.

Mike huffed and started moving again. He swung his hand, intertwined with Eleven's, between them as they walked.

“But seriously, Lucas and Max’s wedding planning has got me thinking... what do you think about renewing our vows? This time we invite everyone.”

“Yes,” El said immediately.

“Great! We can do it two weeks before Lucas and Max’s wedding, and then we can dance to ‘Every Breath You Take’ before they do!”

“Mike!” Eleven sounded exasperated, but she was smiling.

“Kidding, kidding...,” said Mike. “I was actually thinking November.”

“Almost a year from now...” El wrinkled her nose. “Why so far away?”

“Well, last time the day didn’t really mean anything, it was just the first day the courthouse was open after our graduation,” said Mike. “I was thinking we could pick a date that meant something... Like November 7th, maybe?”

Eleven smiled. “The night we met?”

Mike nodded.

“That sounds perfect.”

*

Max laid in bed, staring up at the ceiling, trying to de-stress from all the wedding planning. Lucas laid next to her, reading a horror novel, half-asleep already.

“Do you ever think we should elope like Mike and El did?” Max asked.

“Every goddamn day since we started planning this wedding,” said Lucas. “But then we wouldn’t be able to claim ‘Every Breath You Take’ as our song.”

Max paused for a moment before saying, “Hm, you’re right.” She turned onto her side and closed her eyes.

“I’m sorry,” said Lucas as he closed his book and sat up. “I’ll be serious. Do you really want to elope?”

“No, Lucas, I was being serious about you being right. We can’t let Mike and El steal our song. At this point I’ll marry you just for the opportunity to piss off Mike.”

“If only I had known that when I proposed, I would’ve led with that.”

“Yeah,” said Max. “All I wanted to hear was how our getting married would annoy Mike. None of that crap about how much you love me or how I’m your best friend or how you want to stalk me for the rest of my life, so can I please marry you so you don’t have to become a creepy pervert.”

“You remember all that crap I said pretty well for someone who’s only marrying me to annoy my best friend.”

Max kicked his leg and said, “I love you.”

“I love you, too,” said Lucas. “You know, I think our wedding is going to be perfect.”

“Of course it will be,” said Max. “Because it’s going to be ours.”

Author's Note:

Sorry for the lack of windows in this fic. I'm [@maxine-the-zoomer](#) on tumblr if you want to keep up with me there, I sometimes post shorter fics that don't make it to AO3.